Our ART

i dont want to die.
i dont want to die.
i dont want to be alone.
i dont want to be~.

self-luv

spending time w. US

— — — —

they idolatrize cuz they dont know themselves.
TOOLS TOOIZ use em!
be-a Zarathustra, follow u. that's what i do…. 🤷

go go — do u. im here. leave me 𝔟.
ya.

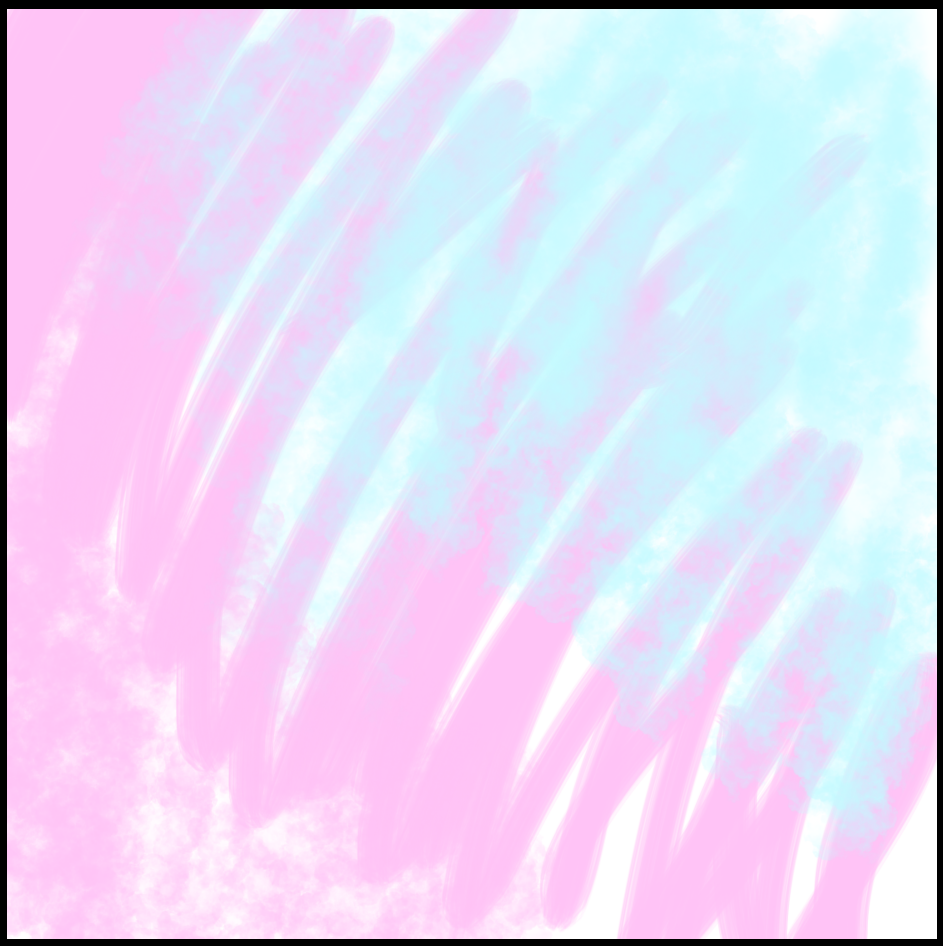
_____ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _____ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

EXPERIENCING MY SOUL

i love my soul
i love it
i love u sm
i love u sm.

feverish impatient work
stints
slews
spirits succumb me.

my spirit- uali**ties** too deep for this **DYEMENTION**.



A. Crowley

im the only one to mock him as a buddy
a fellow
a spiritual neighbour
an understander.

he lightz a divine spark.

put me in the shadows

ill put *myself* into a dark corner
of a place
that's home?

i need to focus, now.

***

clear space

—

The Fallen

no, trees, roots - ye
the forest
to luv god, go to the forest and 𝔟. forged there.

who is unconsolable?
there's the bluez , dropping *missing* clues, *missing peaces.*
the sun is out.
ya.

i rly need space. (s p a c e .)(

+
+ \
+//

im going after what's advanced.
im goin aftr what's whole.
im deciding to go away from the world.
im committed to my work.
this is my great work.
i eat myself.

———————

-
———————————————————
———————————————————-
———————————————————
we're alone
and — we're alone
and alone
and alone
and alone

no one *(nowadays)* has — any — time for us.

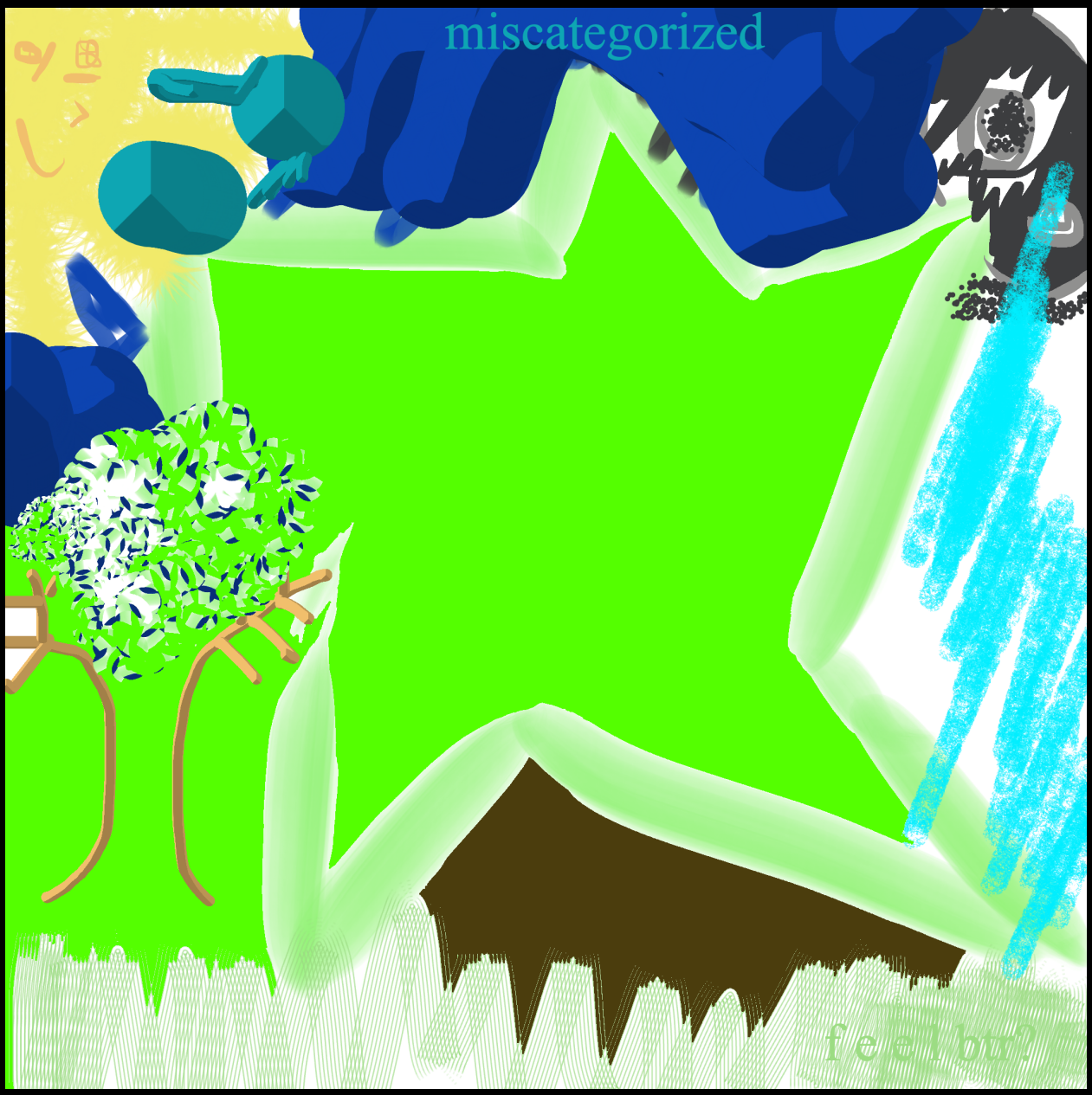
****

spiral into emptinesss ~

decadence:

am i wrong?

— — — — — — — — — —
so i go at this like a child: (more advanced than ‘em all)—



dont drink
try to sleep better — someday
enjoy a black mourning, tea, & white sunlight.

stay away from— no
stay away from this 'n that — say, *quietly*, 'no.'
stay away
stay away.

me to me, me to. not u, to me actually.

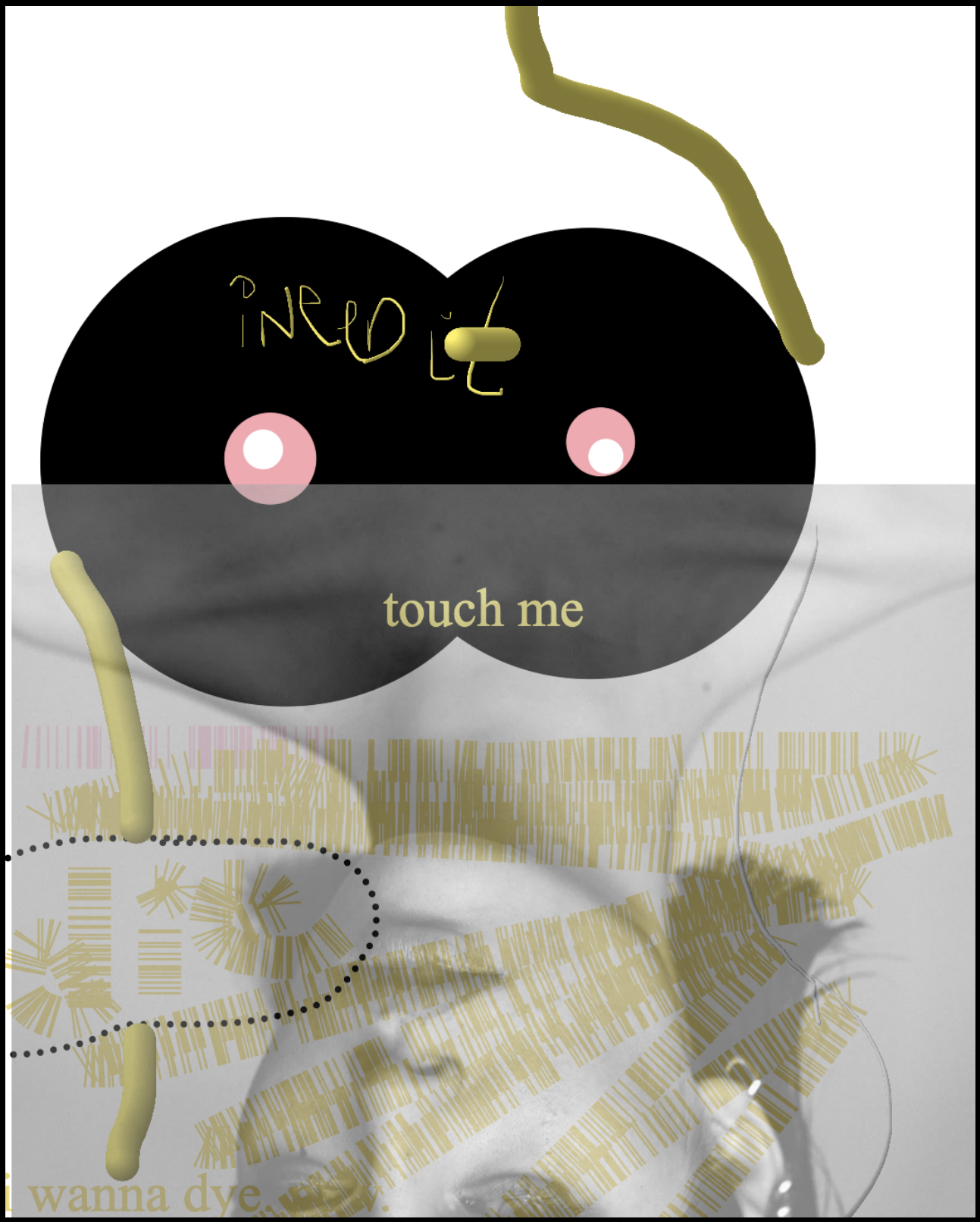
i— stay a *way*.

good settled.

***
***
***

distinguished,

im beyond a philosopher (mere)
i only move in my depths.
*motifz, meta4s; *symbols.**
i need to too unpack what i know.
s.s.ssss. (lika snake) (PG13- is-a serpent; eve was naughty.



s

it's A B S T R A C T I O N, my trance dystopian dyestraction *attraction* themepark.
it's my own painting, it's my own painting. it's kinda eerie late e.e. cummmings in colour form
spiraling or dizzying. ya.
looping mellow melodix — melodies from my heart, soul, spirituals and throats.
whatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoido
whatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoido
whatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoido
whatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoidowhatdoido? stay.

alone.

why is there guilty around my art? wht else should i be doing? it intoxicates me to no end.

dope af

– – – –

WRK? Hɨs ɑt

mągıƙ doesn't know why.
fuck because'z
it's for i
it's for i
i am sacred
u scrolling bro.

— — — — — —
****
//////////////!}}}}}}!

it think the paint has dried.